

NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.
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WEATHER—Fair and cooler, frost; northwest winds.

BACK
TO
DEMOCRACY.

The repulse of Croker enables the natural inclinations of this Democratic city to have sway. New York contains every variety of human nature, with every conceivable shade of opinion, but the mass, as a whole, has a well defined organic tendency of its own. New York is advanced, but at the same time conservative. It is impatient of middle-class restraints on personal liberty, but it dreads radical innovations. It is progressive, but it desires its progress to keep in orderly touch with existing conditions.

By long experience the Democratic organization has learned to adapt itself to the predilections of New Yorkers. As a rule, its government fits this great, good humored, tolerant body-politic with the ease and comfort of an old coat. Sometimes the Democratic leaders get to feeling too much at ease. They fall under the domination of a Croker; they take to stealing, and then it becomes necessary to administer discipline. The city undergoes a penitential season of reform, and then the Democracy, chastened by adversity, is welcomed back to its natural position of authority.

It is evident that this is one of the years in which New York and the Democracy are to have a reconciliation after a quarrel. The Democratic ticket is the only one whose strength is growing. Now that Croker has been cuffed into a proper state of humility, there are no serious disaffections in the Democratic ranks. All of the other factions are rent with discord. The attempted alliance between the Citizens' Union and the supporters of Mr. George has satisfied neither side. Among the Republicans there is intense dissatisfaction with the obstinacy that persists in keeping Tracy in the field to the ruin of the hope of anti-Tammany union. As a clear majority of all the citizens of Greater New York are Democrats, even a union of the forces in opposition might not be successful, but when the opposition is divided into three bodies, each of them of doubtful solidity in itself, the result of the contest must be a foregone conclusion.

But it would be even more certain if Mr. Croker would subordinate his own vanity to the welfare of the Democracy to the extent of taking himself off to England, where he belongs. There was no question of Democratic success until he came. Platt, Haines and Chapman had settled the campaign in advance. The people had fully made up their minds to have a New York government, without asking assistance of Tling and Herkimer in regulating the affairs of the metropolis. For a time Croker's in threatened to destroy this programme. His resentment against the vulgar and dishonest who had taken to flight when his operations closed three years ago, it looked as if the light turn to anybody, even Platt, as a happy that danger is past. New York has caught Croker his place, and the way of the Democracy is clear.

THE PACIFIC
RAILROAD
SWINDLE.

It will be well for the people of the United States to keep a sharp watch on the proceedings in connection with the foreclosure sale of the Union Pacific on November 1. It is evident that the Administration has resolved to sacrifice the public interests, in open disregard of the will of every Congress that has dealt with the question. Attorney-General McKenna has announced that the road will be sold to the highest bidder, with a guarantee of a minimum bid of \$50,000,000 from the Reorganization Committee for the Government's claim. This bid, it must be understood, does not mean what it appears to mean. It is not a bid of \$50,000,000 of the syndicate's money, but of some money belonging to the syndicate and some belonging to the United States. The syndicate proposes to pay the Government in part with its own coin, by taking possession of the bonds held in the sinking fund. And even if the entire amount came out of the pockets of the bidders, it would still fall far short of the sum due.

The Administration has no legal obligation and no moral right to abandon the interests of the people in this way. It is authorized by law to bid up the defaulting Union and Central Pacific to their full value, and to acquire them for the Government if the entire amount due cannot be obtained in any other way. That is what Congress meant to be done. It has repeatedly refused to authorize any other settlement, and in accepting less than the Government is entitled to the Administration will be guilty of something very like a breach of trust.

THE
MALIGNED
CLAW-HAMMER.

Why should great men so often conceive that the claw-hammer is an undemocratic garment? There, for recent example, young Mr. Bailey, Congressman from Texas, who made himself a national figure by declining to dine at the White House, where he erroneously assumed evening dress was obligatory. Now the Hon. Henry Ziegenhain, Mayor of St. Louis, has gone to a ball in a Prince Albert, and, taking his stand as a "man of the people," declaims against the swallow-tail as an abhorrent badge of caste.

There is, of course, no law save that of custom which requires one to mount the steel-pen coat on the occasions when men who conform to social usage wear it, and if one cares to be singular in an unimportant matter he is at full legal liberty to file his protest and make himself conspicuous at small cost. But in reality the claw-hammer is the reverse of aristocratic. Time was when a gentleman in the old sense—that is to say, a man of wealth and position—was as clearly marked off from the common herd as a New York policeman now is. In the days of velvets, laces, jewels, swords and shoe buckles a wardrobe cost a fortune. It was the ever-blessed French Revolution that induced the aristocracy everywhere to dispense with that easiest of all means for differentiating the rich from the poor—dress. Thanks to the claw-hammer, the stranger at the opera, say, cannot tell a millionaire from a clerk now. The full regalia of the heavy swell having been brought within the means of almost everybody who dresses with regard for appearance, why should it be assailed as the insignia of social rank

or pretension? The dress coat scorned by Mr. Bailey and repudiated by the aggressively humble Mayor Ziegenhain, so far from being the outward sign of inward pride, has even become the uniform of the serving man who waits behind the chair of his similarly clad employer.

And there is much to be said for the claw-hammer per se. Not only is it the antithesis of the purple and fine linen sported by the fortunate few "when a gentleman was a gentleman," but it is commendable in itself, being simple, neat and convenient. Whether it looks well or ill depends altogether on the man who wears it. It accentuates refinement and emphasizes the coarseness of the coarse. Mr. Bailey would look charming in one, for he is a handsome man, but if Mayor Ziegenhain weighs over two hundred and has jowls and pig eyes, he does wisely to stick to his Prince Albert and make a merit of what is a mere matter of taste, the foundation of which is good sense.

THE DUTY OF
CAPTAIN-GEN-
ERAL BLANCO.

General Weyler, it appears, is not going to stand on his two-year contract, but will submit to recall by the Sagasta Government. General Blanco is to succeed him, and if the new Captain-General has the soldier's spirit with which he is credited, one of his first acts will be to court-martial Colonel Beriz. This is the wretch who, as military commander of the Isle of Pines, forced himself upon Evangelina Cisneros, daughter of his prisoner, and when seized by her friends found his revenge in her persecution and the slaughter of the men who had sprung to her rescue. He is a nephew of Azcarra, the ex-Premier, and has been protected by Weyler both on that account and because he is a congenial soul. For more than a year Beriz's intended prey was kept without trial in a loathsome jail for abandoned women, and that she is not there still is due to the daring of the friends who a few nights ago aided her to escape.

It is too much to expect, of course, that Weyler can be brought to trial for his murders and other crimes, but Beriz is not so conspicuous an ornament to Spain's military system that he should be beyond the reach of retribution. If with the change of Captains-General there is to be a change of policy, a return to the methods of civilized warfare as practised by Campos, it could not be better signalled than by the rigorous prosecution of Beriz, who in his offence and his subsequent immunity typifies the cruelty, lust and murder of Weylerism. He has disgraced even the Spanish uniform.

Evangelina Cisneros is free. The Journal has taken her from the Casa Recojidas and carried her beyond the reach of her vindictive enemies. But the guilt of Beriz remains the same, and while he is unpunished the infamy is Spain's.

TALMAGE
AS A SABBATH
BREAKER.

The friends and admirers of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage will be pleased to learn that he is still in sufficient health and spirits to enable him to hold up his end in a row. The Rev. J. A. Derome, of Mapleton, Minnesota, recently undertook a crusade against Dr. Talmage's habit of preaching Sunday sermons at a park in Iowa, owned by a railroad company, which ran Sunday excursion trains and advertised the orator as the chief attraction. Mr. Derome sent circulars to various celebrated religious authorities, and received answers from such distinguished theologians as Rising Sun Stove Polish Morse, John Wamamaker, Miss Frances E. Willard, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter and Bishop Vincent, deploring Dr. Talmage's employment as an annex of the Sunday excursion business. When the opinions of these bulwarks of religion were published, Dr. Talmage was roused to reply. He intimated that the only way to stop Sunday excursions in connection with his sermons was to stop him from preaching in Summer altogether, because if he preached at all people would be sure to come from all the surrounding region to hear him. He could not keep them away, nor could he stop to inquire, when he made his arrangements, several months in advance, whether they would go by rail or in buckboards. He got out his explanation in circular form, and sent a copy to his critic, with a private note on the back containing the touching remonstrance:

I do not suppose you will do anything toward recalling the base misrepresentations you have made of myself, so I will have this explanation sent to the persons from whom you have had the letters for your symposium and the newspapers you have misled.

Dr. Talmage's position is impregnable. He is not to blame for being popular any more than Quig is to blame for being beautiful. When it is announced that Talmage is to open his mouth crowds flock to see the phenomenon. They come from all points of the compass and by every known conveyance. Is it part of the duty of a Christian minister to drive them away, or to ask the transportation companies not to carry them? No, if Dr. Talmage is to preach at all the conservatives will have to reconcile themselves to the attractive effect of his discourses.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE CANADIAN
LAWLESSNESS
IN THE
KLONDYKE.

Mounted police and the volunteer activity of vigilance committees, there is sure to be a good deal of lawlessness in the Klondyke country this Winter. Thousands of adventurous men debarked from communication with civilization, denied the refining influence of woman, supplied plentifully with gold dust and provided with whiskey by numerous saloons, can hardly be expected to live a life of exemplary decorum and strict rectitude. Yet there are some men even in New York, the centre of all that is best and most polished in America, who would be willing, perhaps, to take their chances in the frozen mining camps of the far North. Mr. Alfredo Acquillius is one of them for certain. This gentleman, himself a New Yorker, and naturally proud of it, went shopping in Hester street not long ago. In the first store he entered he paid for his purchase from a large roll of bills, and when he left he bore a chalk mark on his back. This hieroglyphic, a sign from the modified picture writing developed by the denizens of the quarter, notified all Hester street of the roll. As a result, Mr. Acquillius, on declining in another mercantile establishment to purchase a coat which did not suit his taste, was, as he affirms, knocked down with chairs in the hands of the proprietor and his wife. Then they held him on the floor on his back. Nevertheless, Mr. Acquillius preserved his roll and escaped, to inform the police and cause the arrest of the too insistent merchant

and his able helpmeet. The humor of the incident is impaired by reason of Mr. Acquillius being a New Yorker. It is when the person who undergoes such commonplace experiences is from the provinces that the metropolis smiles.

Cut off by an Arctic Winter from the comfort, peace and security of the settled and well policed cities from which they have been seduced by their lust for gold, the Klondykers, forced as they will be to depend upon themselves for protection, deserve the commiseration of their more fortunate fellow-citizens who have stayed at home.

By forcing national issues and exhibiting his two enterprising sons as citizens to whom prosperity has returned, Mr. Platt hopes to be able to induce the voters to forget some of the pertinent local issues.

Chicago's prize bismarck has been doing time in a dime museum, and he is now to be tried, and stands a good show of being placed on exhibition at Joliet.

The candidacy of Hon. P. Jerome Gleason has an esteemed contemporary in the circuit-court campaign Mr. Coxe is making in the State of Ohio.

There is a great opportunity for the rainmakers throughout the country, but the rainmakers are shrewd enough to refrain from operating when rain is badly needed.

The Edinburgh Consulate will feel very much at home, if he has been handed out to an Ohio man.

The Republican Club is to give Mayor Strong a dinner. It is doubtless intended as a consolation prize for the favorable mention which he failed to secure in the Republican platform.

Public sentiment forced Tammany to break a boss-made slate. Public sentiment was not able to do as much with Mr. Platt's machine.

The American political cartoon is in a fair way to be loved for the enemies it has made.

Hon. Seth Low's corner on goodness appears to be melting away.

The Country and the
Conflict in New York.

Henry George Cashing Trouble.

It is a curious condition of things, and unless Mr. Low shall retire with General Tracy, and there shall be a union on some one who can command all the strength of the anti-Tammany and the anti-George vote, the result will be extremely doubtful.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Will Low and Tracy Get Together?

On general principles, and in view of the split in the Republican ranks, it would naturally be assumed that the Tammanites would be the winners. But all this may be changed if the friends of Low and Tracy have the good sense to get together. Will they do it? Not to do so would be a crime against common sense and the cause of good government.—Chicago Tribune.

George and Low.

The vote for Mr. George will represent nothing but a protest, a passion, inspired in many respects by issues but remotely related, if at all, to the great problem of municipal government in America, and on that account it would be a serious calamity should it reduce the strength or menace the final success of Mr. Low, who champions the only true and legitimate issue involved in the contest—that of the pure, stable and business-like administration of our great municipalities.—Springfield Republican.

The Political Game of Suicide.

How long will this game of suicide between friends of two candidates who profess to be seeking the same end—sound government for Greater New York—be permitted to continue?—Chicago Tribune.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

The Vital Question.

To the Editor of the Journal.
There are only two candidates who stand for personal liberty, representation of the people and general tolerance. Which of these will make the best, the wisest Mayor of Greater New York? Van Wyck or George? That is the vital question. N. W. HEALY, No. 307 West Forty-third street.

Too Much Johnson.

To the Editor of the Journal.
I intended to vote for Mr. George, but the treachery of his managers in selling out to the Pluries of the Low movement and my interest in the Democratic ticket. I do not approve of Van Wyck, so I shall vote for Tracy. If Croker had stayed in England and Tom Johnson in Ohio how different things might have been. R. D.

Objections to George.

To the Editor of the Journal.
I would vote for Henry George were it not for the fact that he is avowedly a Socialist and a single tax theorist. His honesty is beyond question. But what would become of the Government of this great city if the present supporters of Mr. George were put in possession of the offices? Try to imagine it seriously. I cannot conceive of greater folly than the election of a Socialist at a time when the greatest city on the continent is faced by the confusing and complex problems of the new century. I am a Democrat and I admire Mr. George, but I shall not help to put the affairs of this municipality into the hands of dreamers and footsloggers, however sincere they may be. I shall vote for the regular Democratic nominee. P. M. C. L.

How to Make Living Pictures Artists.

To the Editor of the Journal.
The revival of living pictures in New York's theatres calls for some comment in the interest of art. It is a pity that some fine subjects should be totally ruined by inattention to good composition, high lights and shadows. This is probably due to the absence of instruction of a painting. The under, wearing jewelry, rings and bracelets—not a part of the subject—are also a violation. These the management should abolish. Slight draperies, artistically arranged, would not offend the gentler part of the audience. The favor of art being absent, pictures become a mere side show. We have seen some artistic representations of living pictures in New York to pass their time without suggesting to the stage manager to "week a little advice from some artist." PAINTER.

Champion of the People.

To the Editor of the Journal.
The Journal's efforts to insure the placing of "dollar gas," "municipal ownership" and "more schools" in the Democratic platform stamps it as the champion of the people against the tremendous forces of corporate wealth. The rich corporations will fight hard to retain their letters of marque to prey upon the public. Tammany will win this election, and it is a great victory for the masses against the classes to have the Mayor of Greater New York pledged to fight for "dollar gas," "municipal ownership" and "more schools." The leading Democratic newspaper in America has won a new triumph by securing these three things in the Democratic platform. J. V. H.

A Weighty Matter.

To the Editor of the Journal:
Dear Sir—I am not an advocate of the prize ring, but there is justice even for the unfit. I am referring to the clamor raised in certain quarters because Champion Fitzsimmons will not give ex-Champion Corbett another chance. Fitzsimmons is clearly right. It has been the custom for the champion to feed the challenge only of the best in his class. How do we know who is first after Fitzsimmons? Corbett has never bested Peter Jackson or Peter Maher from whom Fitzsimmons wrested the technical championship resigned to him by Corbett, or Sharkey, not to mention some lesser lights. Corbett's proper course is to fight, if he wants to be head of the sluggers. Let him beat Jackson, Maher and Sharkey, any one of whom would gladly give him a go, and then there will be some sense in his asking for another chance at Fitzsimmons. The champion's only obligation, if such a term can be used in this connection, is to maintain his superiority over the best of his would-be rivals who has demonstrated his quality in the only way possible. What Corbett wants to do is to fight; otherwise he has no standing at the court of the squared circle. Yours truly, FREDERICK TENNEY.

Occullism
Explained.

The conversation at the boarding house table had turned upon premonitions, and the dear old lady with the bloodstone ring was much interested. Finally it came to her turn to relate her experiences.

"It was most marvellous," she said. "Last Summer I spent my vacation in the Catskills, as you know, and at the hotel was a young man whom I couldn't help noticing. It wasn't so much that there was really anything peculiar about him, because there was not; but somehow the expression of his face attracted my attention, and yet repelled me too. I couldn't help thinking, as I looked at him, that there was something evil in his eye. He seemed to me to be the sort of young man that would murder you—oh! and here the dear old lady with the bloodstone ring shivered at the recollection of her presentiment—or commit some fearful deed like that."

"And did he?" inquired somebody.

"No," said the dear old lady, "at least I never heard of his doing so. But it was so odd that I should think so, wasn't it? I never had seen him before, you know, and yet I had that mysterious feeling of repulsion whenever he came near."

Everybody agreed that it was odd indeed, and that the experience was most thrilling. The boarder across the table with the saturnine eyebrows, who seldom joined in the conversation, did so at this juncture.

"Not so mysterious, perhaps," he observed; "those things that seem weird and uncanny to us generally have some explanation. I had, myself, an experience once of a similar character. I was seated in an 'L' car not long ago when a man came in and sat down next to me. Now, I had never seen him before in my life, mind you, but his eyes had scarcely met mine before I felt a weird physical aversion come over me. A perfect stranger to me, remember, and yet there was that peculiar and seemingly unaccountable repulsion. The boarder with the saturnine eyebrows paused.

"Seemingly unaccountable," echoed the dear old lady with the bloodstone ring, deeply interested. "How do you account for the mysterious aversion you entertained, then?"

The man with the saturnine eyebrows handed his board to the landlady and got up. "The man had been eating onions," he said, as he left the room rather quickly.

WASTED INDIGNATION.

The man with the florid face and the bald head grew more and more uneasy as he sat at the restaurant table. He tried to read a newspaper, but every now and then would drop it, adjust his glasses and glare up and down the room to find the waiter to whom he had given his order. At last he managed to detain him, at the risk of being scolded by the soup he carried, and inquired:

"How about that dinner I ordered?"

"It will be here immediately, sir," was the answer.

The guest tried to read his newspaper once more, but as time passed his uneasiness increased until he was glaring up and down the room as fiercely as ever. He found his waiter again and the same conversation was repeated. After two or three more similar attempts he arose and went over to another waiter, who was gracefully leaning against a pillar.

"Look here," said the guest. "I want to know something."

"Yes," responded the waiter.

"What I want to know is this: Am I ever going to get my dinner, and if I do get it, when will it be?"

The languid young man looked at him and replied:

"Excuse me. I am afraid you have made a mistake. I am only a waiter, not a prophet."—Detroit Free Press.

MONEY LENT ON GRAVES.

Strange as it may seem, I have repeatedly known money to be lent on the security of duly allotted spaces in cemeteries, said the managing director of a New York cemetery company.

Scores and hundreds of people long before their own deaths may be anticipated, buy graveyard spaces some misfortune occurs, and even small sums in ready money become a pressing necessity. In some cases cemetery companies will buy back the space, but I will know one man who made a specialty of advancing money on graves. Some burial places are far more in request than others are fashionable, if you like to put it in that way—and this man often made a great profit when he came to obtain full possession of a grave in such a place and upon which he had made an advance.

I am not unkindly approached by people who say, "I bought a grave at so and so, intending it for the family—what loan could I get upon it?"—The Bits.

WON OVER.

Burton—I thought you used to say that you wouldn't care to be tied to Nell Hendrix if she were the last girl in the world, but I see that you're paying a good deal of attention to her lately.

Jernyn—Yes, my opinion of her has undergone a complete change. I used to think that she would not make a good wife for a poor man, because she seemed to be lazy.

Burton—And now?

Jernyn—Why, look at her bicycle! There isn't another girl in this town who keeps her wheel in such due condition.—Chicago News.

FUTURE.

"And you will trust your future to such as this?" he exclaimed, in rapture.

"Yes," she answered, and nestled sweetly upon his bosom.

Her future, it was proper to say, on passing, didn't cut much ice, anyway, in comparison with her terrible past, by means of which she made her daily bread.—Detroit Journal.

Even at Last.

"I notice," remarked the literary editor, casually turning over the leaves of the book the stalling hero had brought in, "you have given your hero six fingers on his right hand, and there is nothing in the story, so far as I can see, to explain why. May I ask what the extra finger is for?"

"To snap at the critics!" vociferated the struggling author, with a gleam of vengeance in his eye. The worm had turned.—Chicago Tribune.

The Journal Hit Hard.

To the Editor of the Journal:
"Called Down" Collis is now the most unpopular man in New York. Realizing the shortness of his tenure in office, he has allowed his contractors and subordinates to do as they pleased. Consequently, when he reproves a contractor like Reiter, who has made himself a public nuisance, the subordinate pays no attention to the blustering Commissioner. The

Journal did more to awaken Baird to a sense of his duty than either the tea-drinking Mayor or the whining city official.
HORATIO S. HAYES.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Charles Joyce and his wife had just returned from the honeymoon, when they had their first misunderstanding, and they had just kissed and made it up, and everything was perfectly lovely, and even more than that.

"And we'll never quarrel again, will we, love?"

"No, darling, never," and he kissed her eighteen times.

"It was silly of us to quarrel when we did, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was, and I never would have quarrelled if it hadn't been for you."

"Why, dear, I didn't do it."

"No, of course, you didn't, but if it hadn't been for you it never would have happened."

"I don't think I was to blame."

"I'm sure I wasn't."

"But, you know, dear, I couldn't have done it all by myself. Somebody must have been to blame."

"Well, I wasn't the one, I'm sure."

"And I'm just as sure I wasn't."

"That's a matter of opinion."

"Of course, and my opinion is my own."

"Well, who said it wasn't?"

"There you are again. You can't talk two minutes without letting your temper get away with you."

"My temper isn't any worse than yours."

"Who said it was? I wasn't saying anything about my temper, was I?"

"But you were about mine, and I don't propose to listen to it. If I can't live in peace here, I can go to an hotel and be quiet, anyhow."

"Well, go to the hotel. It's a more fitting place for you than a decent home."

"This is a fine home, isn't it? Good night. I'm off."

"You are a tyrant; that's what you are."

"Well, you need that sort."

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! I'm goin' home to mother."

And then they made it up again.—The Bits.

THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION.

"I have just seen the man you are looking for," said the excited citizen to the detective.

"Where?"

"In the suburb where I reside."

"I am much obliged to you," replied the detective, as he took out a map and crossed off a space on it.

"Are you not going to send a man out there?"

"There would be no use of that. He is too smart to stay in the same place long. Still, your information helps some. It points out a spot where we can be pretty sure the criminal is not."—Washington Star.

SOON QUIETED HER.

A gentleman, not unknown to fame, had left his corner seat in the already crowded carriage to go in search of buns and milk, or cake and sherry, leaving a rug to secure his seat. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow passengers, the seat was occupied by a person in female attire.

To his protestations her lofty reply was: "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"Madam," replied the gentleman, "were you the director's only wife I should still protest."

That ended it, for the woman kept her seat, and likewise her tongue, for the rest of the journey.—The Bits.

Her Confession.

"Dear," she softly said, "I have cruelly deceived you."

His brow darkened. He had heard such talk before on the stage.

"Go on," he hissed.

"I told you," she stammered, "that I had taken a course of lessons at the cooking school. It was false!"

He staggered back. Then the full meaning of her confession dawned upon him.

With a wild cry of joy he strained her to his exulting heart.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Cheap Gas Must Come.

To the Editor of the Journal:
Don't relax your efforts in behalf of dollar gas for the people of Greater New York. I see that Buffalo will have 50 cent gas; that Chicago already has many of its houses lighted at 70 cents per thousand feet of gas. I am not in favor of municipal gas making, because I have lived in Philadelphia and know the abuses that may grow up under bad politicians; but I do want to see the greed and rapacity of the monopolists curbed by the Legislature. The Journal can compel this reform.

EX-PHILADELPHIAN.

The Merry Jester.

"The death rate in Cleveland is very low, I believe."

"Ridiculously low."

"Sir?"

"Ridiculously low for a city of its size. As a loyal Clevelander I want my city to excel in every way in population, and especially in births and deaths."

"May I ask your business, sir?"

"Certainly. I am a physician."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She has made a hit in her new play," remarked the artist, cordially.

"Had her batting eye, I suppose," observed the fan, who took time to say funny things on the days when half or more of the league games were postponed.

"Do you mean cotton-battling?" demanded the realist, fiercely, as he drank a copious draught from the water-bottle, mistaking it for the vinegar cruet.—Detroit Journal.

A Suggestion.

In view of the personal property returns, it would seem that if the United States is to buy Cuba, a committee of New York millionaires should be selected to estimate its value.

WHY I LOVE HER.

She has no teeth, and she has no hair; She cannot distinctly see; Her age—well, reckoning it with care, I should say 'twas ninety-three.

She's helpless quite, and she cannot say A word you could not understand; But she sits in an excellent way, For she sits as wags her hand.

THEIR COLLECTION AGENCY.

The trouble with some of the claps who believe the world owes them a living is that they are disposed to regard illness as a proper collection agency.

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Mr. Seth Low's
Press System.

PLACE—No. 30 East Sixty-fourth street, corner Madison avenue, Scene Street, discouraged looking lady interviewer, wearing a Citizens' Union button, sitting on a hat-rack in the hall. (She has been sitting there undisturbed for two hours.) Time—Any old day.

Mr. Seth Low (advancing toward the Lady Interviewer with the winning smile and bow of which he makes a specialty, and extending his hand)—I didn't know you were waiting for me! (Lady journalist reflects that he has passed her seven times, and looked her over each time.) So sorry to have kept you waiting so long! Come into the parlor, where we can talk undisturbed.

Lady Interviewer—I have called to ask you if—

Mr. Low takes her by the hand and leads her to a chair. (To Buttons, who approaches with a silver card tray)—Boy, what do you mean by K-eping the lady sitting on the hat-rack, and not telling me of her presence?

Buttons—Why, sir, I—told— (Boy is waved to the back of the hall, and the Lady Interviewer takes the chair which Mr. Low is holding by the back.)

Lady Interviewer—I was anxious to have your opinion on—

Mr. Low—Pardon me, I fear I have given you the most uncomfortable chair in the room! Here, try this one.

Lady Interviewer walks over toward the chair indicated, but, being tired and hungry with long waiting, stumbles over a rug.

Mr. Low—I beg your pardon! How stupid of me! This chair, pray! Now, are you comfortable? Perhaps you would like a glass of water? So sorry to have kept you waiting, but as I said before I had no idea you wanted to see me!

Lady Interviewer—Don't mention it! don't mind waiting at all, now that you are going to talk to me. I will just keep you more than three minutes. Now, Mr. Low, as the possible, that is as the probable, Mayor of Greater New York, I wish to know whether or not—

Mr. Low—How stupid of me to have given you that chair when here is a rocker, and I know ladies always prefer to sit in rocking chairs. Pray be seated there!

Lady Interviewer walks over to the rocker in a resigned sort of way and begins.—What I came to ask you, Mr. Low, was—

Mr. Low suddenly jumps from the chair—I beg your pardon, but excuse me just a minute. There goes the telephone bell. So sorry to interrupt you, but I'll be back in a minute.

Mr. Low (on returning fifteen minutes later)—As I was saying, I am so pleased to see you Miss— (One thing I never do is to turn away the representatives of the press. I always see the representatives of the various newspapers. Have you not found it a little chilly to-day? Really, it is quite like Winter, and here is only the first week in October. (To Buttons, appearing in the doorway with another card on the tray.) Boy, just start a fire over in the